

DOCTOR Merry-man:

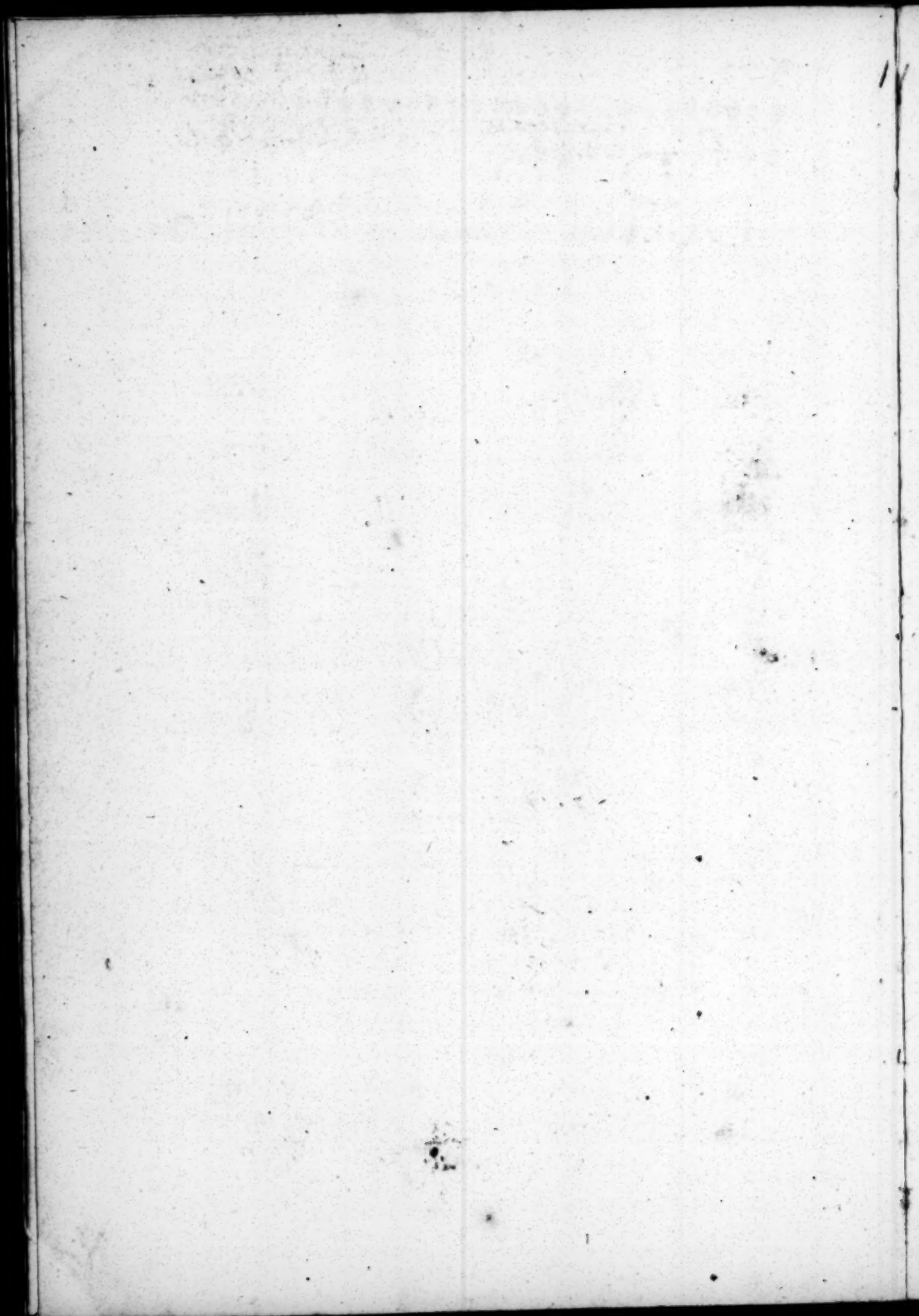
O R
Nothing but Mirt's.

Written by S. R.



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Nothing but Mirth.



A Wealthy Misers sonne upon a day
Met a poore youth, that did intreat and pray,
Something in charity in his distresse :
Helpe sir (quoth he) one that is fatherlesse :
Sirrah (said he) away be gone with speed,
Ile helpe none such, thou art a knave indeed :
Dost thou complaine, because thou wantst a father ?
Were it my cause, I would rejoyce the rather :
For if thy fathers death cause thee repine,
I would my father had excused thine.



A Country fellow had a dreame,
Which did his mind amaze,
That starting up he wakes his wife,
and thus to her he sayes :
Oh woman rise, and helpe your Goose,
for even the best we have,
Is presently at poynt to dye,
unlesse her life you save.
On either side of her I see
an hungry Foxe doth sit,
But staying upon courtesie,
who shall begin first bit.
Husband (quoth she) if this be all,
I can your dreame expound,
The perfect meaning of the same,
I instantiy have found.
The Goose betwixt two Foxes plac'd,
which in your sleep you saw,

Doctor Merrie-man : or

Is you your selfe that proove a Goose,
in going still to Law :
On either side a Lawyer sits,
and they doe feathers pull,
That in the end you will be left
a bare and naked gull.
Wife, in good troth (quoth he) I think
thou art just in the right :
My purse can witnesse to my griefe,
they doe begin to bite.
I doe resolve another course,
and much commend thy wit,
Ile leave the Gooses part for them
that have a mind to it.
And if thou ever finde that I
to Lawing humours fall,
Let me be hang'd at *Westminster*;
(Wife) Ile forsake the Hall.



AN idle fellow, that could take no pain,
Looking that others should his state maintain,
Was sharp reprov'd by an honest friend,
Who told him, Man was made for other end,
Than onely eate, and drinke, and sleep, and play :
To whom the lazy creature thus did say ;
Sir, I doe ne're intend to labour much,
Because I see the bad reward of such
As take most paines. Horses that labour great
Are cast in ditches for the dogs to eate.

A crafty

Nothing but Mirth.

A Crafty kind of knavish fools,
(whereof there plenty bee)
Did breake his Masters Looking-glasse,
and swore it was not hee :
His Master did examine him,
demanding who it was :
Sir if you'll be content (quoth he)
He tell who broke the glasse :
With that he brought him in the Hall,
to Fortunes picture there,
Saying, Sir, 'twas Fortune did the deed,
she ought the blame to beare.
His master tooke a Cudgell then,
And belaboured him withall ;
Who crying out for mercy, downe
before his feet did fall.
Nay (quoth his Master) tis not I,
to Fortune you must speake :
For even she that cudgells you,
The glasse before did break.



A Sort of Clownes, for losse that they sustain'd
By souldiers, to the Captaine sore complain'd,
With dolefull words, and very woefull faces,
They mov'd him to compassionate their cases.
Good sir, (sayes one) I pray redresse our wrong,
They that have done it unto you belong :
Of all that ere we had we are bereft,
Except our very shirts there's nothing left.
The Captaine answer'd thus ; Fellowes heare me,
My souldiers rob'd you not, I plainly see :
At your first speech you made me somewhat sad,

B

But

Doctor Merrie-man: or

But your last words resolv'd the doubts I had :
For they which rified you left shirts (you say)
And I am sure mine carrie all away :
By this know an errour you are in,
My souldiers would have left you but your skin.

~~~~~  
**O**Ne dying left three Sons,  
Whom he advice did give,  
Of what profession to make choyce,  
whereby they best might live,  
Unto the first he said,

Law will be good for thee,  
I know as long as there be men,  
Some wranglers still will be.  
The second he did wish

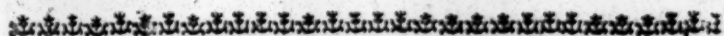
A Canons life to chuse ;  
For when that others weep and mourne,  
Why thou shalt singing use.

And to the third he said,  
Physick for thee is fit :  
For earth will smother all the faulcs  
Physicians doe commit.

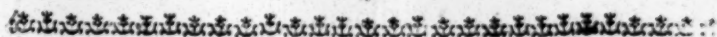
~~~~~  
AN old stale Whiddner quite past the best,
That had nothing about him in request,
Save onely that he carry'd in his purse,
Would have a tender wench to be his Nurse ;
His sight was dim, his teeth were rotted out,
His hands had palfie and his legs the gout ;
Yet he would wench it with a dainty maid,
Whose beauties pride in all the parish sways,
And had her equall hardly to be seen,
A tender young one much about fifteen,

Nothing but Mirth.

*This gallant to her did a Suter goe,
With much adoe, his legs did plague him so ;
Yet with his staffe a pretty shift he made,
So told her, Cupid had the villaine plaid
With his poore heart, twas wounded for her sake,
And she must needs a healing playster make.
The maid beheld him with a loathing eye,
And for his quick dispatch made quick repley :
Kind sir (quoth shee) your suit in love withdraw,
You shall not thatch my new house with old straw.*



A Gentleman a curious building fram'd,
A house like those that are from founders nam'd
The workmen had enlarg'd their Art thereon,
Composing it a curious heape of stone,
Being perfect finish'd, as it ought to be,
The Founder brought his friend the same to see,
Demanded how he lik'd the house of his.
Why well (quoth he) onely one fault's amisse,
And that (me thinks) disgraceth all the rest ;
Your Kitchin is too little I protest.
O sir (quoth he) in that you doe mistake,
A reason for the same I will you make :
Of purpose I contriv'd the Kitchin small,
To have my house the bigger therewithall.



A Barber and a Mower did contend,
With much adoe, before their strife could end,
About the priviledge that each did claime,
And thus the Barber did his reasons frame,
Sir, I am head of all the Trades that be,
For Kings must sit bare-headed unto me.

Doctor Merrie-man : or

The greatest Monarch that on earth we find
Puts off to me, Mower you come behind.
The other reply'd, Barbar, in vaine you jarre,
I have a priviledge exceeds you far,
For when by me the grasse with Syth is shorne,
Or that my sickle cutteth downe the Corne,
Upon the stumps I boldly dare untrusse :
What Barbar on his worke that dare doe thus ?

AN humours fantastick Ass,
whose wit and wealth was spent,
Did in all Companies he came
boast of his great descent :
And all the gentlemen he knew,
unto his blood were base :
For he could prove from *Noahs* great flood
his stock of royall race.
Pray sir (quoth one) take no more paines
in this same worthy thing,
For it is most apparant plaine,
from what old house you spring :
You may just prove your pedigree,
from *Noah* unto this houre,
Your ancestors good Masons were,
that wrought on *Babell* Tower.
And were I as your worship is,
in spight of Bricklayers Hall,
I would give Trowell in mine Armes,
A Ladder, Tray, and all.

Gentlemen, that approach about my stall,
To most rare Physick I invite you all :
Come neare and hearken what I have to sell,

And

Nothing but Mirth.

And deale with me all those that are not well.
In this same boxe I have such precious stuffe,
To give it praise I have not words enough :
If any humour in your head be crept,
Ile finde it out as if your head were swept.
Almost through *Europe* I have shewne my face,
And wonders have perform'd in every place.
Behold this salve (I doe not use to lye)
Whole Hospitalls there have beene cur'd thereby.
I doe not stand here like a tatter'd slave,
My Velvet, and my chaine of Gold I have,
Which cannot be maintained by mens looks :
Friends, all your Towne is hardly worth my books.
There stands my Coach and horses, tis mine owne,
From hence to *Turkey* is my credit knowne.
Insooth I cannot boast as many will,
Let nothing speak for me but onely skill.
You see the thing like Ginger-bread lyes there,
My tongue cannot expresse to any eare
The sundry vertues that it doth containe,
Or number halfe the wormes that it hath slaine :
If in your bellies here were crawlers bred,
In multitudes like haire upon your head,
Within some houres space, or thereabout,
At all the holes you have, Ile fetch them out,
And ferret them before that I have done
Even like the Hare that forth the Bush doth runne.
Here is a wondrous water for the eye :
This for the stomacke : Masters will you buy ?
When I am gone, you will repent too late,
And then (like fooles) among your selves will prate,
Oh that we had that famous man againe,
When I shall be imploy'd in *France* or *Spaine* :
Now for a Storer you a Boxe shall have,

Doctor Merrie-man : or

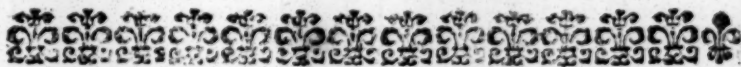
That will the lives of halfe a dozen save ;
My man is come, and in my care he sayes,
At home for me at least a hundred staies,
All gentlemen, yet for your good (you see)
I make them tarry and attend for me.
If that you have no money, let me know ;
Phyick of Allmes upon you Ile bestow ;
What Doctor in the world can offer more ?
Such arrant Clownes I never saw before :
Here you doe stand like Owles and gaze one me,
But not a penny from you can I see.
A man shall come to doe such dunces good,
And cannot have his meaning understood ;
To talke to sencelesse people is in vaine.
Ile see you hang'd ere Ile come here againe :
Be all diseas'd as bad as hories be,
And dye in ditches, like to dogs, for me :
An old wifes medicine, Parsley, time, and Sage,
Will serve such Buzzards in this scurvy age.
Goose-grease, and Fennell, with a few Dog-dates
Is excellent for such base lowlie Mares :
Farewell, some Hempen Halter be the charme
To stretch your necks so long as is mine arme.



ONe came to woo a wench that was precise,
And by the Spirit did the flesh despise,
Moving a secret match between them two,
But she in sooth and sadnesse would not doe.
He did reply, so sweet a faire as shee,
(Made of that stuffe as all faire women be)
Ought by the Law of Nature to be kind,
And she w her selfe to beare a womans mind.

Nothing but Mirth.

Well Sir (quoth she) you men doe much prevaile,
With cunning speeches, and a pleasant tale :
Tis but a folly to be over nice,
You shall, but twenty shillings is my price,
A brace of Angels if you will bestow,
Come such a time, and I am for you so ;
Well, hee took leave, and with her husband met,
Told him, by Bond he was to pay a debt :
Intreating him to doe so good a deed,
As lend him twenty shillings at his need :
Which (very kind) he present did extend,
And th' other willing on his wife did spend.
So taking leave of her he goes his wayes,
Meeting his creditor within few dayes,
And told him, sir, I was at home to pay
The twenty shillings which you lent last day,
And with your wife (because you were not there)
I left it ; pray you with my boldnesse beare.
Tis well (quoth he) I'me glad I did you pleasure :
So coming home, questions his wife at leisure.
I pray sweet-heart was such a man with thee ?
She blusht, and said ; he hath beene here indeed,
But you doe ill to lend. Husband take heed,
The faishood of the world you doe not spy,
It is not good to trust before you try.
Pray lend no more, for it may breed much strife,
To have such knaves come home to pay your wife.

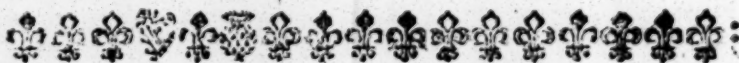


A Crew of Foxes were on thieving set,
Together at a Country Hen-roost met,
Where the poore Poultry went to grievous wrack :
For there they feasted till their guts did crack.

Having

Doctor Merrie-man : or

Having well supp'd, ready to goe away,
Without demanding what they had to pay,
Sayes one unto the rest ; friends harke to me,
Lets poynt where our next meeting place shall be.
With a good will (saies one above rest)
At such a Farmers house, his Lambes be best.
Nay (quoth another) I do know a Clowne,
Hath even the fattest Geese in all the Towne.
Well Masters (said a grave and ancient Foxe,
Had beene the death of many Hens and Cocks)
The surest place to meet that I can tell,
Will be the Skinners shop, and so farewell.



A Shepherd that a carefull eye did keep,
Unto the safety of his grazing sheep,
Perceiv'd a Wolfe thorow the hedge did pry,
Sirrah (quoth he) pray what make you so nigh ?
Why (sayes the Wolfe) thou see'st I doe no ill,
Thy flock is farre enough upon the hill ;
What justice now a dayes these people lacks ?
The Crowes ride boldly on the Cattells backs,
And not a word thou say'st to them at all,
Yet but for looking on with me dost brawle.
The Proverb's true, for now I find it well,
Which once I heard an ancient old Wolfe tell,
He that upon a bad ill name doth light,
Is even halfe hang'd, as good be hang'd out-right ;
And I my selfe by prooffe can now alledge,
Some better steale, than some looke o're the hedge.

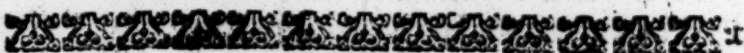
Nothing but Mirrh.



THe Devill did complaine he was not well,
And would goe take some Physick out of hell:
To *England, France, and Spaine* with speed he got,
Where all refus'd him he did burne so hot;
In haste he then to *Germany* did hie,
The cunning of a *Quack-salver* to try:
Where in a Market place upon a stage,
He found a fellow could all griefes assuage.
Doctor (quoth he) I want some of thy skill,
For I doe finde I am exceeding ill,
And any thing for ease I will endure:
What? wilt thou undertake my paine to cure?
If thou canst ease the Malady I have,
Thou shalt have gold, even what thy selfe wilt crave,
Gentleman (said the Doctor to this Devill)
Upon my life Ile rid you of this evill;
Make unto me those griefes you have but knowne,
And with the curing them let me alone.
Why sir (quoth he) my head with hornes doth ake,
My braines doth Brimstone-like *Tobacco* take,
My eyes are full of ever-burning fire,
My tongue a drop of water doth desire;
About my heart doe crawling Serpents creep,
And I can neither eate, nor drinke, nor sleep;
There's no diseases whatsoe're they be,
But I have all of them impos'd on me;
All torments that the tongue of man can name,
Within, without, in a continuall flame.
Quoth the *Quack-salver*, I will undertake
A sound man of you in a month to make.
Wilt please your worship shew me where you dwell?
Marry (quoth he) my chamber is in hell.

Doctor Merrie-man : or

Thy charges in thy journey I will beare,
And Ile preferre thee to the Devill there.
With speed get up, Ile take thee on my back,
The world may spare thee, and in hell we lack.



A Bishop met two Priests upon the way,
And did salute them with the time of day :
Good morrow Clerks unto you both (quoth he)
Sir (they reply'd) no Clerks, but Priests are we.
Why (quoth the Bishop) then I will consent
Unto the title of your owne content :
Sith you deny'd to carry Schollars marks,
Good morrow to you Priests which are no Clerks.

One climbing of a Tree, by hap,
Fell downe and brake his arme,
And did complaine unto a friend
Of his unlucky harme.
Would I had counsaill'd you before,
(Quoth he to whom he spake)
I know a trick for climbers, that
They never hurt shall take.
Neighbour, (said he) I have a Sonne,
And he doth use to climbe,
Pray let me know the same for him,
Against another time.
Why thus (quoth he) let any man
That lives climbe nere so high,
And make no more haste downe then up,
No harme can come thereby.

An aged Gentleman sore sick did lye,
Expecting life, that could not chuse but dye :

Nothing but Mirth.

His Foole came to him, and intreated thus,
Good Master, ere you goe away from us,
Bestow on *Iack* (that oft hath made you laugh)
Against he waxeth old your walking-staffe,
I will quoth he, goe take it, there it is,
But on condition *Iack*, which shall be this :
If thou dost meet with any, whilst thou live,
More foole than thou, the staffe thou shalt him give.
Master (said he) upon my life I will,
But I doe hope that I shall keep it still.
VVhen death drew deare, and faintnesse did proceed,
His Master calls for a Divine with speed,
For to prepare him unto Heavens way,
The foole starts up, and hastily doth say,
Oh Master, master, take your staffe againe,
That proves your selfe the most foole of us twaine :
Have you liv'd now some fourescore yeeres, and odd :
And all this time are unprepar'd for God ?
VVhat greater foole can any meet withall,
Then one that's ready in the grave to fall,
And is to seek about his soules estate,
VVhen death is opeping of the prison gate ?
Beare witnesse friends, that I discharge me plaine,
Here master, here, receive your staffe againe :
Upon the same condition I did take it,
According as you will'd me I forsake it :
And over and above I will bestow
This Epitaph, which shall your folly show.
*Here lyes a man at death did heaven claime,
But in his life he never sought the same.*

A Simple Clowne in *Flanders*,
As he travailing had beene;

Doctor Merrie-man : or

Having his wife in company,
Came late into his Inne,
A Spanish souldier being there,
A guest unto the place,
No sooner saw but lik'd his wife,
(She had a comely face)
And watch'd when they were gone to bed,
Then boldly in comes he ;
And never said, Friend by your leave,
But made their number three.
The Clowne lay still and felt a stirre,
Yet durst not speak for's life :
At length his patience was so mov'd,
He softly jog'd his wife,
And said to her, prethee intreat
The Spaniard to be still,
Can I speake Spanish man (quoth she)
You know I have no skill :
But husband if you please to rise,
And for the Sexton goe,
He understands the Spanish well,
Assuredly I know.
Faith, and Ile fetch him straight (quoth he)
And so the Rustick rose,
And softly sneaking out of doores,
About his message goes.
Meane time, imagine what you will,
To me it is unknowne;
But ere her husband came againe,
The Spaniard he was gone ;
VWhich when the simple man perceiv'd,
He fell to domineere :
O wife (said he) for twenty pound,
I would I had beene here.

Nothing but Mirth.

Tell me (sweet-heart) when I was gone
How long the knave did stay?
(Quoth she) you scarce were out of doores,
Before he run away.
VVife (quoth the Clowne) thou mak'st me laugh,
That I did feare him thus,
Come let us take a little nap,
For his disturbing us.
You see what comes of policy,
And good discretion wife,
If I had beene a hasty foole,
It might have cost my life.



I Am a professed Curtezan,
That lives by peoples sinne,
VVith halfe a dozen Punks I keep,
I have my commings in :
Such store of Traders haunt my house,
To find a lusty wench,
That twenty gallants in a week,
Doe entertaine the French ;
Your Courtier and your Citizen,
Your very Rustick Clowne,
VVill spend an Angel on the pexe,
Even ready money downe,
I strive to live most Lady-like,
And scorne those foolish queanes,
That doe not rattle in their silks,
And yet have able meanes.
I have my Coach as if I were
A Countesse I protest,
I have my dainty musick playes

Doctor Merrie-man : or

When I would take my rest,
I have my Serving-men, to waite
Upon me in Blue Coats,
I have my Oares that doe attend
My pleasure with their Boats.
I have my Champions, that will fight,
My Lovers that doe fawne,
I have my Hat, my Hood, my Maske,
My Fanne, my Cobweb Lawne.
To give my Gloves unto a gull,
Is mighty favour found,
When for the wearing of the same,
It costs him twenty pound.
My garter, as a gracious thing,
Another takes away,
And for the same a silken Gowne,
The prodigall doth pay.
Then comes an Asse, and he forsooth
Is in such longing heat.
My Buske-poynt even on his knees
With teares he doth intreat.
I grant it to rejoyce the man,
And then request a thing,
Which is both Gold and precious stone,
The Woodcocks Diamond Ring :
Another lowly minded youth,
Forsooth my shooc-string craves,
And that he putteth through his eare,
Calling the rest base slaves.
Thus fit I fooles in humour still,
That come to me for game,
I punish them for venery,
Leaving their purses lame.
In New-gate some take lodging up,
Till they to Tiburne ride ;

And

Nothing but Mirth.

And others walke to *Wood-street* with
A Sergeant by their side,
Some go to *Hounds-ditch* with their cloaths
To pawne for money lending,
And some I send to *Surgeons* shops,
Because there lacks some mending :
Others passe ragged up and downe,
All totter'd, rent, and torne ;
But being in that scurvy case,
Their companies I scorne :
For if they come and fawne on me,
There's nothing to be got ;
As soone as ere my Merchants break,
I sweare I know them not.
No entertainment, nor a look,
That they shall get of me,
If once I doe begin perceiue,
That out of Cash they be.
All kindnessees that I professe,
The fairest shewes I make,
Is love of all that comes to me
For gold and silvers sake :
To forward men I forward am,
Most franke unto the free ;
But such as take their wares on trust,
Are not to deale with me.
The world is hard, all things are deare,
Good-fellowship decaies,
And every one seeks profit now,
In these same hungry dayes.
Although my trade in secret be,
Unlawfull to be knowne,
Yet will I make ths best I can,
Of that which is my owne :

Doctor Merrie-man : or

For seeing I doe venture faire,
At price of whipping-cheare,
I have no reason but to make
My Customers pay deare.
Our charge beside is very great,
To keep them fine and brave,
A Whore that goes not gallantly,
shall little doings have :
Therefore all things considered well,
Our charges and our danger,
A daily friend shall pay as much,
As any Terme-time stranger.



A Rich man and a poore did both appeare
Before a Judge, an injury to cleare :
The rich did tell a tale most tedious long,
Mending (as he suppos'd) with words the wrong,
And ever when the poore man would have spoke;
With bold out-facing speech he did him choke :
The woefull wight at length could beare no longer,
But boldly rais'd his voyce both lowd and stronger,
My Lord (quoth he) pray now bid *Dives* stay,
And heare but what poore *Lazarus* can say,
My Oxe came in his field, which he doth keep,
And sweares for that hee'll pay me with a Sheep.

FINIS.

